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Lady ~~A~~~~C~~~~H~~~~E~~~~S~~~~O~~~~N~~

Weary of the

94  
**D E A I**

I.

**T**HE Dean wou'd visit Market-hill,  
Our Invitation was but slight  
I said- why- Let him if he will,  
And so I bid Sir A—r write.

II.

His Manners would not let him wait,  
Least we should think ourselves neglected,  
And so we saw him at our Gate  
Three Days before he was expected.

III.

After a Week, a Month, a Quarter,  
And Day succeeding after Day,  
Says not a Word of his *Departure*  
Tho' not a Soul *wished him to stay*.

VI.

I've said enough to make him blush  
Methinks, or else the Devil's in't,  
But he cares not for it a Rush,  
Nor for my Life will take the Hint.

V.

But you, my Life, may let him know,  
In civil Language, if he stays  
How deep and foul the Roads may grow,  
And that he may command the Chaise.

VI.

Or you may say—my Wife intends,  
Tho' I should be exceeding proud,

This Winter to invite some Friends—  
And Sir I know you hate a *crowd*

VII.

Or, Mr. Dean—I should with Joy  
Beg you would here continue still,  
But we must go to *Aghnasloy*;  
Or Mr. M—r will take it ill.

VIII.

The House Accounts are  
So much his Stay d  
My dearest Life it is surpris-  
much he eats,

His Brace of Puppies,  
And they must have *three meals a day*  
Yet never think they get enough;  
His Horses too eat all our Hay.

X.

Oh! if I could, how I would maul  
His Tallow Face and Wainscot Paws,  
His Beetle-brows and Eyes of Wall,  
And make him soon give up the Cause.

XI.

Must I be every Moment chid  
With skinny, boney, snip and *lean*.  
Oh! that I could but once be rid  
Of that insulting Tyrant Dean.

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A VIEW of the Irish BAR, in a CHARACTER of the LAWYERS.